

2026 07 19, Isaiah 6:1-4, Rev 4:8
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Hallowed Be Thy Name

Last week we talked about the comfort and tenderness of God like Daddy, Mom. Now we meet the same God utterly ablaze, unapproachable, undoing a prophet with a glance. How can both be true? How can the God who cannot be looked at also be the God who gathers us close?

He is very close, closer than our breath, but at the same time, He is God. Infinitely beyond our comprehension, infinitely beyond our capacity to know God. Any positive description (e.g., “God is a father” or “God is wise”) fundamentally reduces and misrepresents the divine essence. So mystical theologians describe God in a negative way. They might say, “God is not evil,” instead of saying “God is good.” Because “*Goodness*” of God is so vastly different from human goodness that calling Him “good” is technically incorrect. For mystics, stripping away concepts and dogmas doesn’t mean denying God, but about clearing away mental idols. By acknowledging the limits of the mind, the mystic enters a state of “unknowing” or “divine darkness”—using silence and contemplation as the ultimate way to experience God's actual presence of holiness. Wow! I love this!

In this perspective, we can understand a little more about the word, hallow. “Hallow” means to set apart as holy, treat with ultimate reverence, or reveal God’s holiness in the sight of others since we cannot make God more holy than He already is. So, our prayer means that God would be *seen* and *treated* as holy. It is only possible through our lives that we can be separated from the world to holiness.



Let’s check the scripture to see what it was like when Isaiah met God. Scripture here is Isaiah 6:1-4: “In the year King Uzziah died, I saw the Lord, high and exalted, seated on a throne, with the train of his robe filling the temple. Seraphim were stationed above him; they each had six wings... And one called to another: Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Armies; his glory fills the whole Earth. The foundations of the doorways shook at the sound of their voices, and the temple was filled with smoke.” (Isaiah 6:1-4).

Sit with this image. Not a gentle or comfortable one. The seraphim — burning, fiery angels — cover their own faces in the presence of this glory. They cover their own feet. And still, day and night, without stopping, they cry out the same three words, over and over: “*Holy, holy, holy.*” Six hundred years later, John will see the same scene from Heaven's throne room and hear the same unceasing cry: “*day and night they never stop saying, ‘Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God, the Almighty’*” (Revelation 4:8, NRSV). Not a hymn they sing once. A ceaseless exclamation, as if eternity itself cannot get past the sheer weight of what God is.

And Isaiah — a prophet, who was chosen, the most righteous person on the planet Earth — he shouts, “Woe is me, for I am ruined, because I am a man of unclean lips... my eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Armies” (Isaiah 6:5). Older translations render it even more starkly: I am undone. Unraveled.

This is what real holiness does when humans get close. Humans die if we see God. Humanness cannot stand before God. And the scripture continues, “**Then one of the seraphim flew to me, and in his hand was a glowing coal that he had taken from the altar with tongs. He touched my mouth with it and said: Now that this has touched your lips, your iniquity is removed and your sin is atoned for.**” (Isaiah 6:6-7). Isaiah was cleansed. Grace given before commission. Cleansing, before calling. He was cleansed by the angel.

We are also cleansed by the Blood of Christ, the perfect and righteous one. As a result, we belong to God's family and are adopted as sons and daughters of the fiercely and beautifully holy God. God has qualified us to share in the inheritance of Jesus, but we do not fully comprehend its significance. What exactly is the inheritance of Jesus? We are unaware of its true meaning. Nevertheless, we have heard and received the incredible beauty and righteousness freely given to us. These gifts are actively working within us. The person who we are right now is a direct result of the sacrifice of Jesus. All we can say is, "We thank you, Lord, eternally!"

However, **only a surrendered soul can truly experience the joy of that beauty of holiness and the power of holiness.** The more you surrender, the more you can enjoy the beauty of holiness and the power of God in your life. Are you surrendering your mouth to the word of Jesus? Are your thoughts? Are your life's actions fully surrendered to God's way? This surrender should not only occur during worship services but should be a daily practice.

Surrendering your heart is achieved by resting in God's word and abiding in Jesus. It's a place where your ceaseless effort ceases in all your endeavors. This doesn't mean you stop doing anything; instead, you live your life with your best, trusting God to do the work you're doing. Consequently, your life becomes lived naturally and effortlessly. This natural state allows you to naturally convey God's message through your life, separate from the world and holy.

Jesus put it this way to His disciples: **"I am the vine; you are the branches. The one who remains in me and I in him produces much fruit, because you can do nothing without me."** (John 15:5). Notice — the branch doesn't strain to produce fruit. It doesn't clench its leaves and try harder. It simply stays. Abides. And the fruit comes, because the life of the vine is already flowing through it. That's not passivity. That's the deepest kind of trust.

Usually, we are automatically in the old self more when we are not awakened in the spirit. The old self always is trying to prove itself worthy, always exhausted from striving to be good enough. A surrendered heart is the state that the old self has died. And what remains, what is actually alive in us now, is Christ's own life, resting in us, wanting to move through us the way sap moves through a branch that isn't even trying.

This is the shift: the more surrendered we become, the less we're clenching our fists trying to be holy enough, trying to earn what has already been given, the more naturally holiness flows. It is already there. It is effortless. The way breathing is effortless because it was never meant to be carried by our own strength in the first place.

Living as Ambassadors

And Paul expresses this truth as "Ambassadors" sent by God to the world. (2 Corinthians 5:17, 19-20). In here, self should disappear, and only the King's message of holiness to the world should be revealed through us and in us. It's how we interpret the meaning of the word, "*Hallowed be thy name.*" To live as holy God's people and to show the separated life to the world, which is ultimately beautiful to the world. It is living as an ambassador in the world.

Paul expresses it beautifully in his second letter to the Corinthians: **"If anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has passed away, and see, the new has come!... And he has committed the message of reconciliation to us. Therefore, we are ambassadors for Christ"** (2 Corinthians 5:17, 19-20).

An ambassador doesn't manufacture the nation they represent. They simply carry it — its authority, its character, its name — into rooms far from home. That's us. We are asked only to carry what has already been given us: a name, an adoption already sealed, a life already hidden safely in Christ.

When we pray, "Hallowed be thy name," we extend our hands to receive the grace that has already been placed within us. We are inviting this intense, unapproachable holiness, the fire that destroyed Isaiah and the glory that the seraphim cannot even behold—to be revealed, even if only faintly or imperfectly, through our ordinary, surrendered lives. We seek to embody a healed life characterized by righteousness, generosity, humility, and beauty.

It is a life that touches and attracts people's hearts. It is a life healed and restored. People will come and see what makes our life so different. As an ambassador in your place, you know where the power comes, where the light comes. It is only from Jesus. You will give testimony with a short one-minute God-story you prepared. The healing power of God, the gentleness and kindness of God, the compassion and love. You know exactly where this goodness of God comes. It is from God. You know humility is not your effort at all, it is the reality of being with Jesus.

Listen to a Poem

I lay my hand down on the wound so wide
Mourning on the hurt.
The room holds still like held-out breath,
Your silence leans in close and covers my chest.
Open the veil that holds the world apart
Open the veil and touch the hidden heart.
Holy Space, Holy Space; only heals, only safe
Holy Space, Holy Space; I come close, I come changed
Holy Space, Holy Space.

Every brokerage turns quiet gold
Every nameless day finds a place to fall
Open the veil that holds the world apart
Open the veil, touch the hidden heart.

Holy Space, Holy Space; only heals, only safe
Holy Space, Holy Space; I come close, I come changed
Holy Space, Holy Space